

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage).
PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887,

83,389,828.

Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED:
THE WORLD came under the present proprietorship May 10, 1885.

Year	Yearly Total	Daily Average
1882	9,131,157	25,013
1883	12,235,238	33,541
1884	24,159,785	66,218
1885	31,241,267	86,414
1886	70,136,041	192,153
1887	83,389,828	228,465

Sunday World's Record:

Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was

14,727

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was

24,054

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1884 was

79,985

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was

160,630

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1886 was

234,724

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was

257,267

Amount of White Paper used during the Five Years Ending Dec. 31, 1887:

Year	Amount
1882	1,424,288
1883	1,498,133
1884	2,200,829
1885	2,200,829
1886	2,200,829
1887	2,200,829

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL.

A NOTABLE SUCCESS.

The sale of THE EVENING WORLD yesterday reached the splendid total of 149,680 copies.

THE EVENING WORLD alone had instantaneous news of the execution of DISCOLO.

It was first on the street. It had the fullest and most graphic account of the event of the day, and the best sketch of the doomed man's life and his last crime.

So superior was THE EVENING WORLD'S preparation and so swift its enterprise that the most boastful of its contemporaries, finding the contest hopeless, issued no extra.

Oh, yes! We are "moving on."

GOING FOR THE WRECKERS.

The bill and resolution introduced in the House in relation to Pacific Railway affairs show that the investigation secured through the efforts of THE WORLD is likely to bear fruit.

Mr. ANDERSON'S bill directs that suit be brought against HUNTINGTON, STANFORD, GOULD, SAGE and the other wreckers of the Government's securities, with a view to recovering part of the plunder.

Mr. THOMAS'S resolution directs that all further land grants be withheld from both the companies until a final accounting can be had with them and the Government secured against ultimate loss.

Better late than never.

STILL SLOGGING.

The body of the forever "knocked out" DEMPSEY had not been buried when another brutal contest—this time a genuine one—was fought on Staten Island.

In the ninth round LARKINS knocked out DELANEY.

What are laws, and grand juries, and policemen for, any way?

THE OLD ROMAN'S WAY.

Although retired from active life, Judge THURMAN could not refuse an appeal to help prosecute the perpetrators of frauds in the elections. The "Old Roman" appeared yesterday as one of the counsel for citizens in the trial of the tally-sheet forgers at Columbus.

The fact that the accused are Democrats, and that their crime was committed in the interest of Democratic candidates, only served to arouse this honest old Democrat's wrath and to stimulate his zeal. He values the honor of his party more than his success.

When are the specific charges of illegal voting in this city at the late election to be investigated?

A MEATLESS BONE.

The fossilized Bone of Regents, which Gov. HILL has very properly tried to get abolished, would afford a very suitable niche for disposing of that relic of Old Whiggery, ANANIAS DANA.

But of course the Democrats would not nominate him for it if they had the ghost of a chance of electing anybody.

A meatless bone is a very proper reward for the hungry dog that bit HANCOCK and yelped and frothed at CLEVELAND.

DE LEON, the infamous trafficker in innocence, unmasked and convicted through THE WORLD'S efforts, will sympathize with DANIEL DOUGHERTY'S plea for a muzzled press, now that his sentence has been confirmed.

Bloody shirt BILLY CHANDLER

"wants to know" several things about the navy. The country would like to know what became of the \$200,000,000 spent during twenty years by the Republicans in destroying the navy.

Again the skipping cashier, the President who didn't preside and the directors who failed to direct. Next!

A Minnesota physician recommends a kerosene lantern under the robes to keep one

warm during a sleigh ride. What's the matter with a nice, jolly, red-headed "best girl?"

CAR CONSUME'S ukase satisfies the corporation organs perfectly. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

WHAT THE WHEAT BROKERS SAY.

Charles Gale, the Cyclone, seems very proud of his new title, "Whiskers."

Frank Williams's varicolored neckties have been quite a prominent feature in the pit of late.

It is rumored that the President is going to appoint Bennett, missionary to India to convert the natives to his side.

Charlie Wilmut does not "help" as much as in former times, and the boys say he has become a nice, clean broker.

Jimmie Marshall, the "wee Bonnie Scotch ladie," is spending his winter vacation on board a snowed-in train in Iowa.

Jack Wiewel, as ever, is a firm friend of the farmer, and is waiting patiently to make a three-base hit on the "leaves."

Archie Montgomery intends to lecture next season throughout the country of the "Evils of Life Insurance," according to the latest gossip on "Change."

Whenever Theo. Wolf pounds the market nowadays and says "Make it a hundred," the boys say "Stop that or we'll tell your boss." He immediately withdraws.

With Jim Bingham hammering in the middle of the "pit," and George and Herbert (cleanman on the sides) the bulls have a veritable bear clique to back against.

Since receiving his Christmas box Wallace trades more frequently at the market. No doubt he has concluded

"The best to trade at any cost, For those who hesitate are lost."

Lonnie Mills, in a recent exporting expedition, discovered a beer tunnel in the bowels of the earth, where the beverage gushes like a geyser, tender meat is served and waiters expect no tips. He boasts of it like a miner who has struck a rich vein.

"A Still Hunt in New York's Rotten Row" is the title of Police Capt. Reilly's story to appear exclusively in tomorrow's EVENING WORLD. Don't miss it.

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Deborah Powers, of Lansingburg, N. Y., is ninety-seven years old, and is at the head of the banking-house of L. Powers & Jones, in that city.

Elia Wheeler Wilcox is visiting friends in Madison, Wis., her old home. She recently sold her Gogebic mining stock at a high figure and realized a handsome profit on her investment.

The richest man in Bangor, Me., and perhaps in the State, is Edward H. Blake, who is reputed to be worth \$5,000,000. He is not yet forty years of age and is a graduate of Bowdoin College.

The colored debating club at Central H. S., recently discussed the proposition: "If my men lie over into your yard and lay an egg, and your hen hatches a chicken from it, which hen is the mother of the chicken?"

The wife of Senator Vance, of North Carolina, is a handsome, dark-eyed woman, to whom the credit of much of her husband's political success is due. She is said to be the ablest female politician south of Mason and Dixon's line.

A young man living in St. Albans, Vt., awoke the other morning to find his middle wide open and his feet in such a position that he could not close it. It required the assistance of a physician to get the refractory jaw into place again.

Editor Latimer, of the Lumpkin (Ga.) Independent, is noted throughout Georgia for his entomological enthusiasm and his large collection of bugs and beetles. He has at least twenty thousand specimens, some of them very beautiful and rare.

Three thieves attempted to break jail at Pail, Ind., recently and had nearly succeeded in overpowering Sheriff Pierce, when his wife appeared on the scene and opened fire with a six-shooter, causing the trio to beat a hasty retreat to their cells.

Statistics of the life insurance companies that there are now 200,000 policies in this country, representing an aggregate insurance of \$3,190,000,000. During the past year more than \$20,000,000 of new insurance was written, and more than \$70,000,000 distributed among policy-holders in death, endowment and dividend payments.

Although Brazil is noted for its birds of brilliant plumage, it is said that the Empress does not countenance the wearing of their feathers and will not allow them to be used on any part of her dresses. She is reported to have told a lady at Cannes that "much as she admires the feathers of the magnificent birds of Brazil, she only likes them on their bodies."

A well-known artist of this city tells a story which will be of interest to any one fond of psychical investigations. He was sitting in his sleeping chamber late at night reading a French novel, when his wife, who had retired some hours before, suddenly awoke and related a dream which she had just had. The dream was an exact counterpart—even to details—of the plot of the novel, which the lady had never read.

COAL IS GOING UP.

A Hie in That Community of Frequent Occurrence in This Weather.

Will you follow her and send word to my place where she goes? Every house she stops at, send the address to me at once at the station and follow her till she goes home."

"All right, I'll do it, though it kind of knocks the stuffing out of my day off," he said. He went across to a store opposite the messenger office. I went to the office and looked in at the window. Belle was writing a message. She finished and looked around. She saw me of course but gave no sign.

When she saw I was there, however, she called a boy and gave him the message, speaking to him for a moment giving directions.

The boy came out, and I strolled after him up the street. When I had got a little way down I quickened my steps and hailed him. He stopped.

"Can you take a message for me now?" I asked.

"No, I've got to take another," he answered.

"How long will it take you?"

"Oh, a good while, 'bout two hours."

"Where is it to?" I asked. "Perhaps mine is in the same direction and you can leave it. I don't want any answer, and I will pay you well."

He took out the note and read the address. It was to George Roberts, "No. — West One Hundred and Twentieth street."

I dropped to Belle's scheme at once. She had recognized me, knew I was following her and was trying to throw me off the scent. She hoped that I would think that she had decided to send the message to the place instead of going there and would trail off after the messenger boy, leaving her free to go on her way.

I concluded at once that the message was a bluff, that Mistress Belle was bent in an entirely opposite direction from the one in which she hoped I should go after the messenger boy, and that she was greatly bent on getting to her destination herself without being followed.

I only hoped that my plans would not be as easily seen through by her as hers were by me. I told the boy that my message was for an entirely different direction and to go ahead. He went down Twenty-third street towards the L station and I followed him. I knew McDonough would "tail" the woman, and my only desire now was to make Belle think I had bitten at her bait.

It was no use for me to attempt to follow

TRAPPING A DESPERADO

A Strange Story.

Police Capt. J. H. McCullagh,

Of the First Avenue Station.

PART II.

(WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR "THE EVENING WORLD.")

OW Belle rode as far as Twenty-third street and then got out. She stood on the corner watching the car. She wished to see if any one got off. I suppose, I entered the car—I had been standing on the platform—and rode for a square. Then I took a square that was going downtown, slipping from the front of the car just as the other was passing it and getting hastily in without its stopping. This I managed so that the car I left would be between me and Belle.

She was still standing on the corner, but before I reached it she seemed to have satisfied herself that no one had left it soon enough after to seem to have followed her.

She started down 23d street towards the west side, and I got off and resumed the task of treading in her footsteps. All her movements had convinced me that she was bound somewhere where she did not wish any one to track her. But whether her turnings and twistings were due merely to a general suspicion, or because she had seen me when she turned her first corner and looked back I could not tell.

She got to Broadway and turned to the left. I crossed to the opposite side of the street, and when I got to Broadway looked down. Belle had simply turned the corner and stood there watching.

She saw me. As I said, I did not know whether she knew me or not, but I thought she did. At all events, she was as keen as a razor, and if she had seen me at first, seeing me now was enough. The course she took helped to convince me that she had seen me at first.

She quickly crossed the street to a district messenger office. I hardly knew what to do. If she knew me it was useless to follow her.

Luckily, at this moment I saw a patrolman named McDonough on the opposite side of the street. He belonged to an uptown precinct, but we were rather friendly. I hurried across to him. He was a young fellow, with a light mustache, and boyish-looking. He was in his citizen's clothes.

"Mac," said I, "are you off to-day?"

"Yes," he answered. "Why?"

"I want you to do a favor for me. A woman I am following has dropped to it. It is the biggest kind of luck I met you. She has gone into that district messenger office. She is small, red-haired and has a rubber clonk on with a tear on the left side. She is up to some game to throw me off probably."

"Well, I ain't you, thank God, and I'm a goin'!" she snapped back viciously, and started for the door.

"Officer, just see that none of these women leave the room," I said, "while I go through the house with this man."

Belle ripped out a nice expression for my benefit. It must have been a relief to her, and it didn't hurt my feelings. I went off and searched the rest of the house with Jim. There was nobody there.

Then I locked the basement door and the back door, as well as the windows on the lower floor. Next I took Jim up to the second back and looked them all in with the officer there to keep an eye on them.

"Why, what's this for, Captain?" said Jim, while Belle glared at me like a cat.

"Oh, I'm going to stay here a little while. George Roberts may come round to tell Belle what his new address is or Jake may drop in."

If Belle had a shooter with her I think she would have blazed away at me, she was so mad. As it was, she "died off her mouth" for all she was worth. But a woman's tongue is like a blank cartridge—it makes a good deal of noise but doesn't wound any one very bad.

I withdrew from the family circle, leaving them to be entertained by Belle, while I stationed myself in the hall near the door.

There I waited two hours and a half. The rain and sleet were worse than ever. It was a dismal night, and sitting in that dirty little hall in the cold was not very lively business. But I was very glad I waited. I had my reward.

At 9.30 somebody came hurriedly along through the slush and rain and turned in at Jim's. The fellow tried the basement door. Of course it was locked. He rang the bell and to the front door and rang the bell a quick stroke.

At the same moment I heard Belle's voice cry out as loud as she could, "Stay out! The cop 's here."

But my men outside had begun to close in on Jake, and he may have seen them and for that reason hastened to get under cover. At all events I opened the door at once and stood behind it as he plunged in, closing it and slipping the bolt in a second.

"Good evening, Jake," I said, tapping him on the shoulder. "I've been waiting for you."

The big grizzly, cross-eyed ruffian turned round like a flash, saw me and faintly dead away in my arms!

I held him up and, opening the door, whistled. The men outside came in. We took the big fellow into the parlor, laid him on the lounge, tried the water-cure on him by dashing a tumblerful in his face, and he came to.

He had the bracelets on him and I took him to the station-house. He gave me his version of the murder, claiming that it was in self-defense. At his trial he got off with four years.

Such was the capture of California Jake. It was an odd thing to have the big chap covered with sleet, rush in and faint away in my arms like a girl. Belle wouldn't have weakened like that, I'll wager.

THEY ALL READ THE STORIES.

Policeman Matthias Bruen, of West One Hundredth street, is making a scrap-book of THE EVENING WORLD'S stories written by police captains.

Policeman J. J. Dowling, Twentieth street—the boys have become stuck on THE EVENING WORLD since its production of the police captains' stories.

Sergeant Patrick Walsh, of West One Hundredth street—I spend all my spare time reading THE EVENING WORLD'S stories by the captains of the force.

Policeman "Bully" O'Neill, Twentieth street—I read the stories with great satisfaction, and await the coming of THE EVENING WORLD every night. It is a daisy.

Alarm in the City Paymaster's Office.

Policeman Carroll was startled last night when he heard a burglar alarm in the Stewart building continuously. He ran through the big marble structure and traced the alarm to the City Paymaster's room on 25th street. A careful search revealed no cause for the alarm going off, and it was attributed to the cold snap.

Belle any more at present. I headed straight for the address on her note. I found a neat new building at the number indicated and rang the bell. A girl came to the door.

"Is Mr. George Roberts in?" I inquired.

"There ain't nobody of that name living here," she answered.

"Did any one live here of that name at any time?"

"No. This is a new house and the family is the first that ever moved in."

I said there was some mistake. But had simply picked out a number at random on a street a good way uptown to work me off. There was nothing for me now but to go back and wait to hear something from Mac. I didn't get anything till 5.30. Then a message came.

The woman has gone into No. — street, East New York. She came straight here from Twenty-third street.

I knew the place. It was a man who was a friend of California Jake. I took four men with me who knew Jake, and we went straight to the place. The sleet was slanting down in a nasty way and the walking was fearful. It was no sort of a day to be out, except for business.

I told three of the men to take posts around the neighborhood and lay for Jake. I went into the house with the other officer. The man who lived there opened the door himself. He knew me.

"Hello, Captain," he said.

"Hello, Jim," I answered, pushing in. "I've come over to see you."

"Captain, you've come over to see somebody else. But you won't find him. There ain't nobody here. Come in and look. You won't find Jake anywhere."

"All right. Just to accommodate you, I'll take a look around. You come along with me."

I went through the house with Jim in tow. In a back room, on the second floor, Jim's wife and daughter were sitting, and—Belle! Her look when she saw me was worth seeing. To think that I had tracked her after her fine scheme to lead me off was pretty hard on her feelings, and she a red-headed woman, too. The red-headed ones are pretty quick in their feelings. She said nothing, but her eyes spoke pretty loud.

I looked around the room and in the cupboards. There was no Jake there. "Smith," said I to the officer, "you just stay here with the ladies to keep them from being lonesome till I come back."

Belle got up and said: "Well, I've got to go. I don't belong here."

"Oh, I wouldn't go yet, if I were you," said I.

"Well, I ain't you, thank God, and I'm a goin'!" she snapped back viciously, and started for the door.

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WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE.

RETAIL DEALERS HAVE TO RAISE ON SUGAR TO KEEP EVEN.